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THE SONG OF THE BROOK

ALFRED
TENNYSON





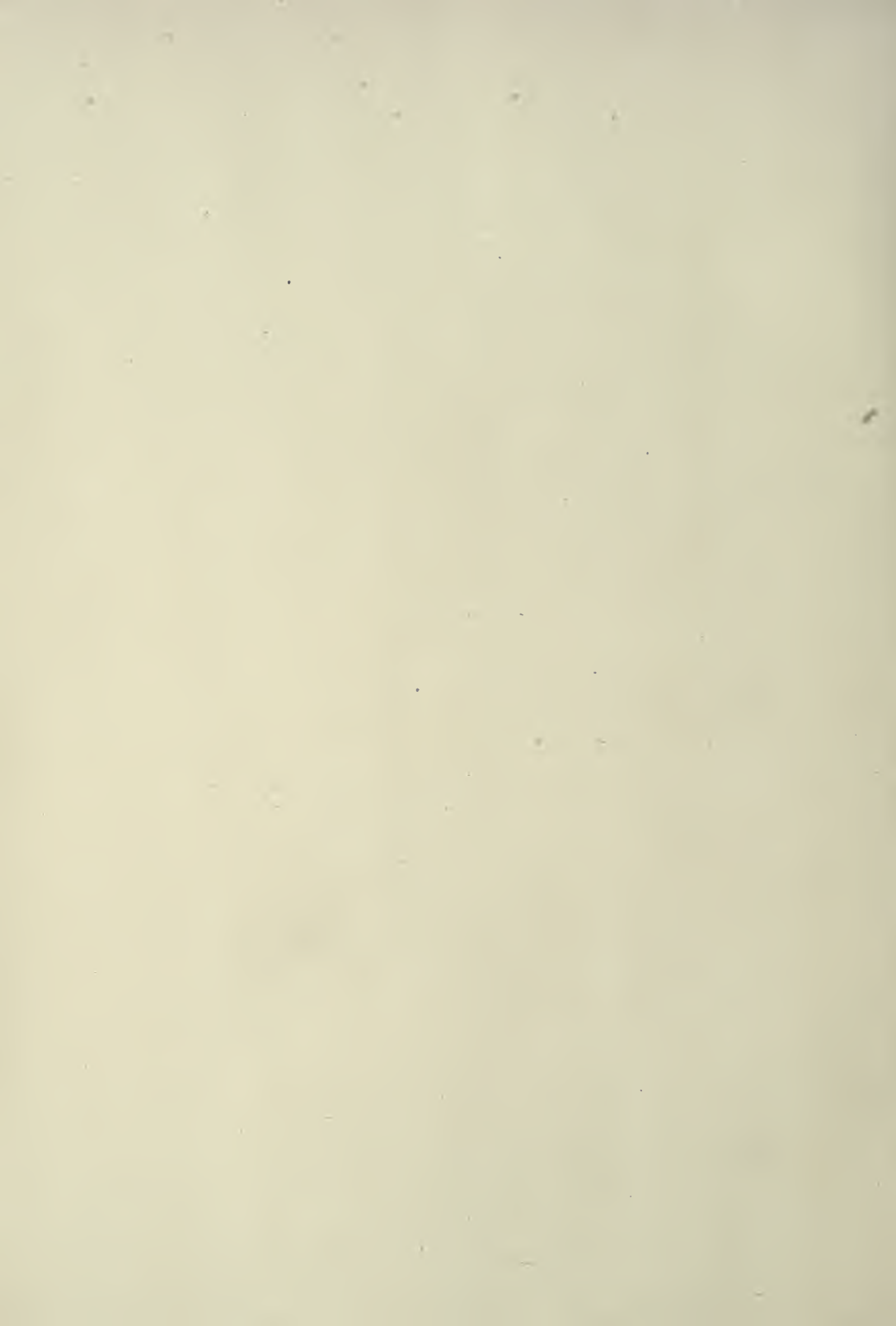
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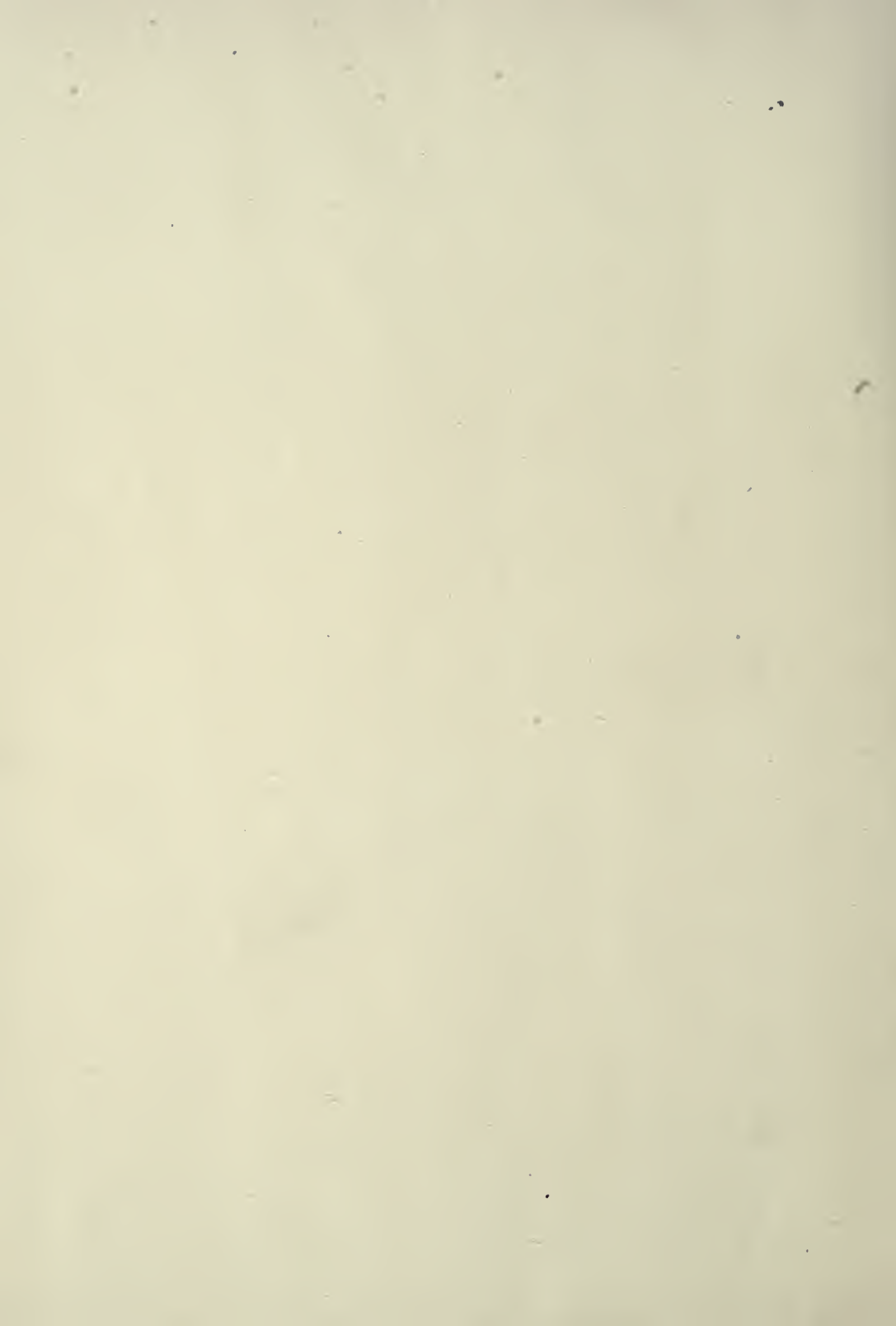
SONG OF THE BROOK.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.



*This volume is the initial one of a series, which will be
entitled "SONGS FROM THE GREAT POETS."*



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SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. F. BELLOWS, J. D. WOODWARD,
MISS L. B. HUMPHREY, AND F. B. SCHELL.*

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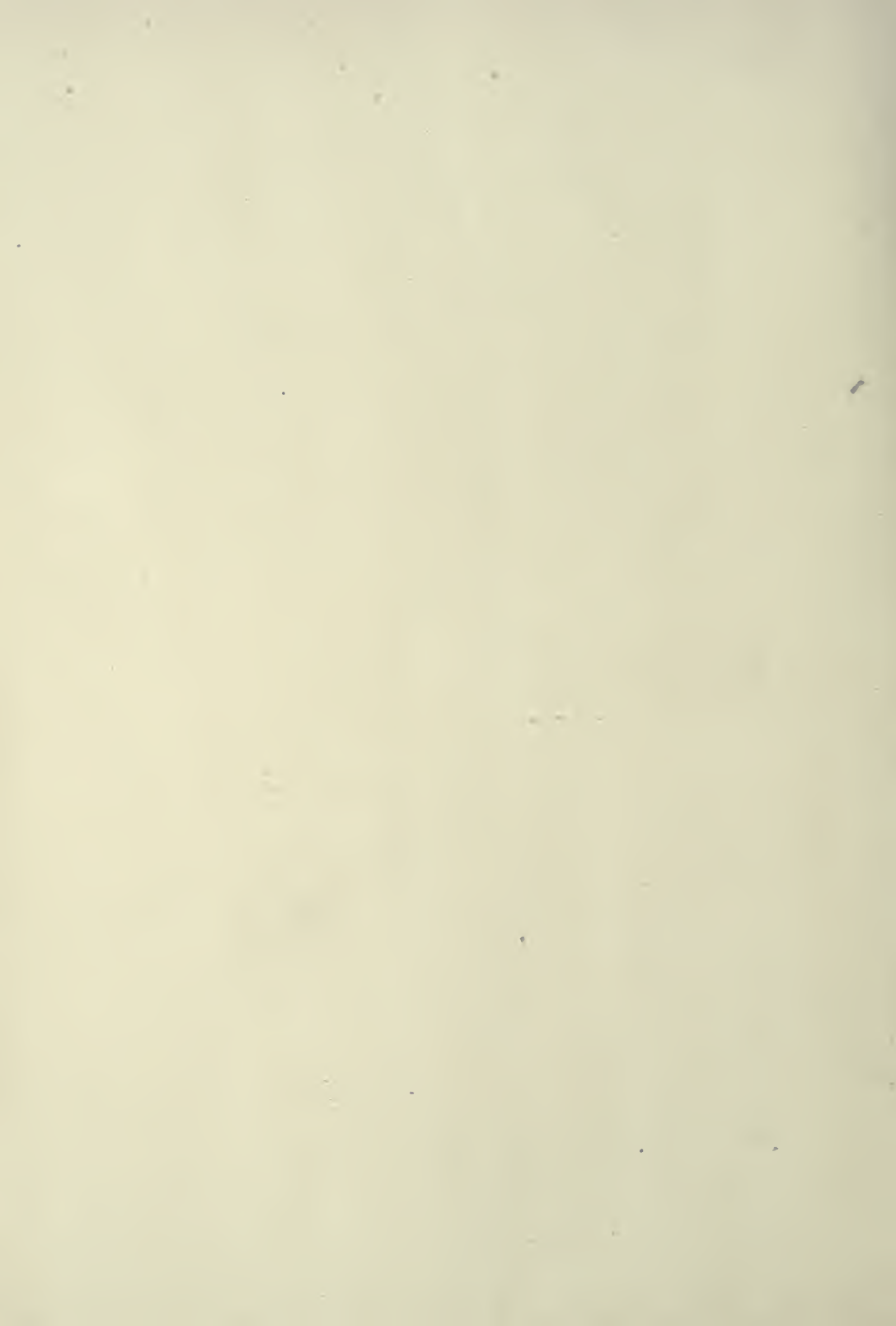




SONG OF THE BROOK.







LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BROOK	Designed by	<i>A. F. Bellows.</i>
"I move the sweet forget-me-nots"	" "	<i>L. B. Humphrey.</i>
"That bloom for happy lovers"	" "	" "
"I come from haunts of coot and hern"	" "	" "
"Among my skimming swallows"	" "	" "
"I make a sudden sally"	" "	<i>F. B. Schell.</i>
"By twenty thorps, a little town"	" "	<i>A. F. Bellows.</i>
"Till last by Philip's farm I flow"	" "	" "
"To join the brimming river"	" "	" "
"I chatter over stony ways"	" "	" "
"With many a curve my banks I fret"	" "	" "
"I wind about, and in and out"	" "	" "
"And here and there a lusty trout"	" "	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"With many a silver waterbrook"	" "	<i>A. F. Bellows.</i>
"To join the brimming river"	" "	" "
"I steal by lawns and grassy plots"	" "	" "
"I slide by hazel covers"	" "	" "
"That grow for happy lovers"	" "	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"I glance among my skimming swallows"	" "	<i>A. F. Bellows.</i>
"I murmur under moon and stars"	" "	<i>F. B. Schell.</i>
"And flow to join the brimming river"	" "	<i>A. F. Bellows.</i>

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

II.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

III.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

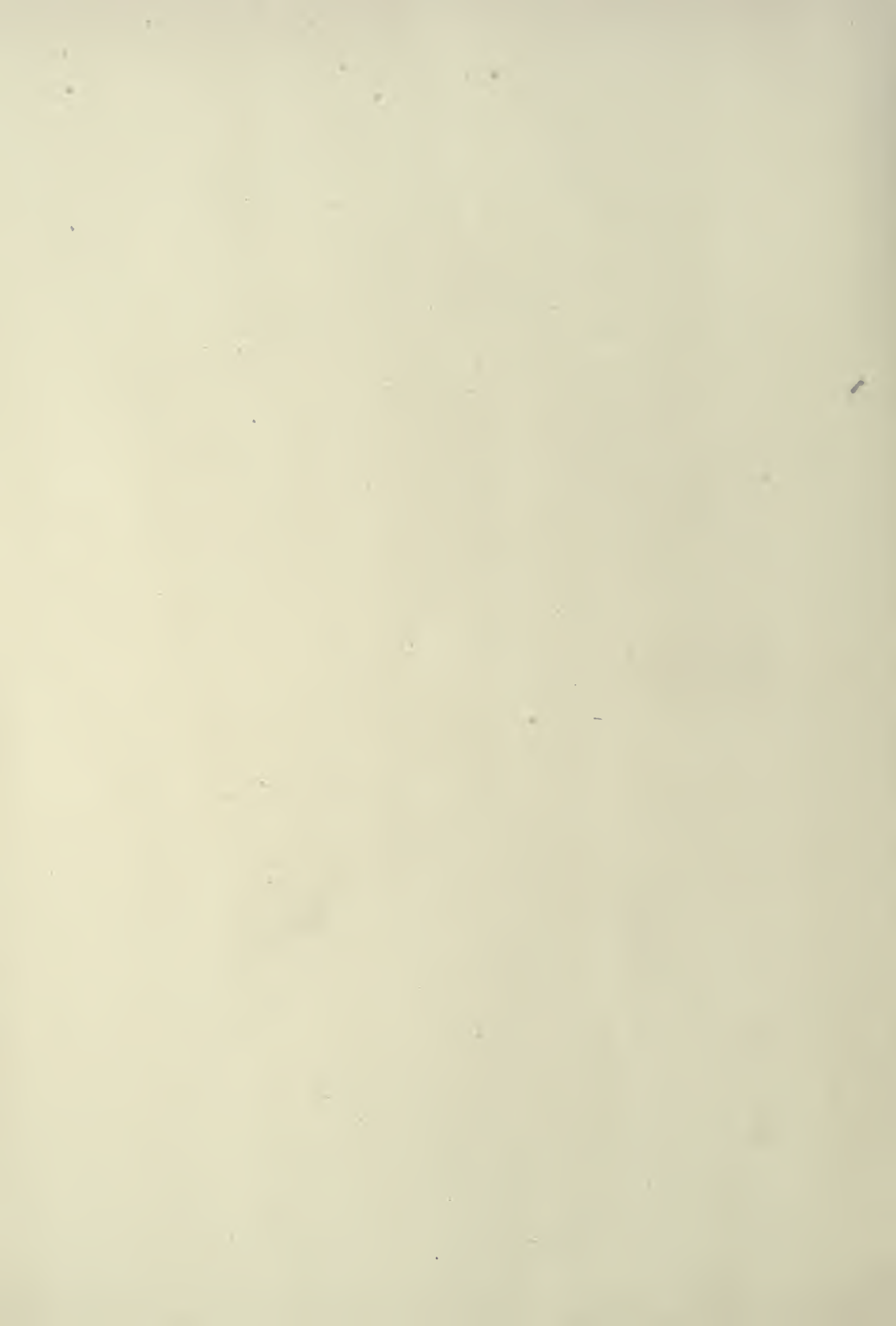
IV.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

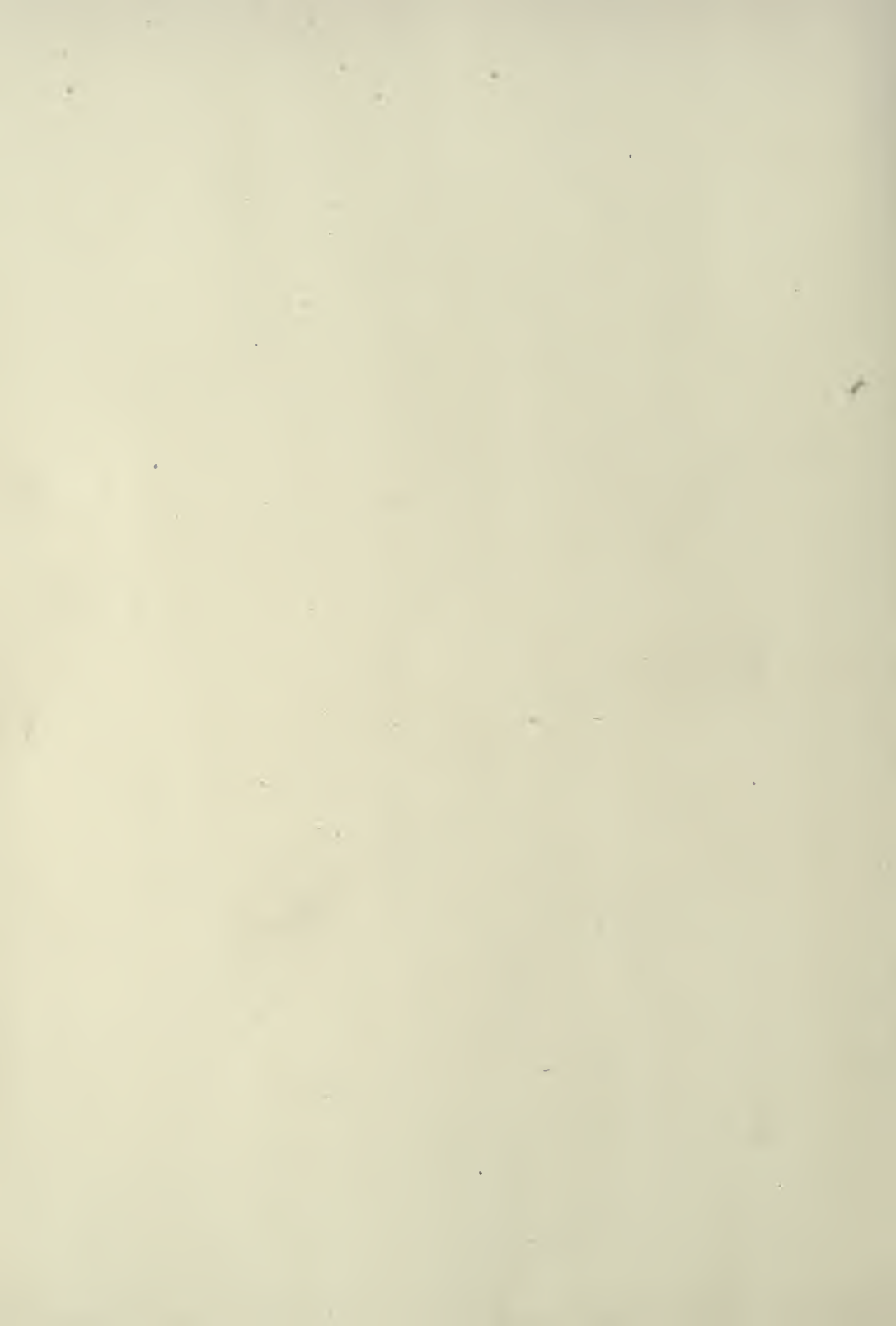
I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



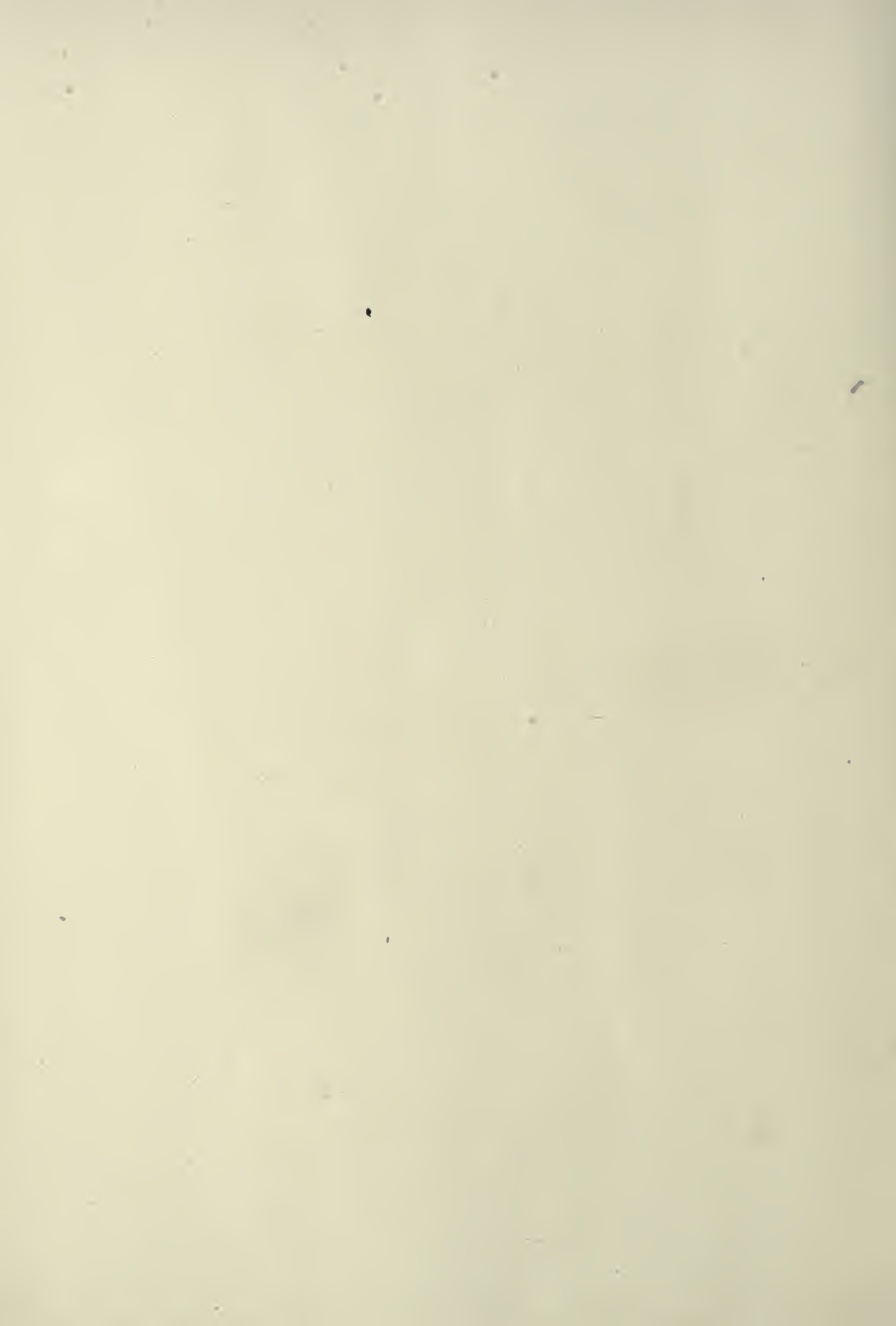


I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.





By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.





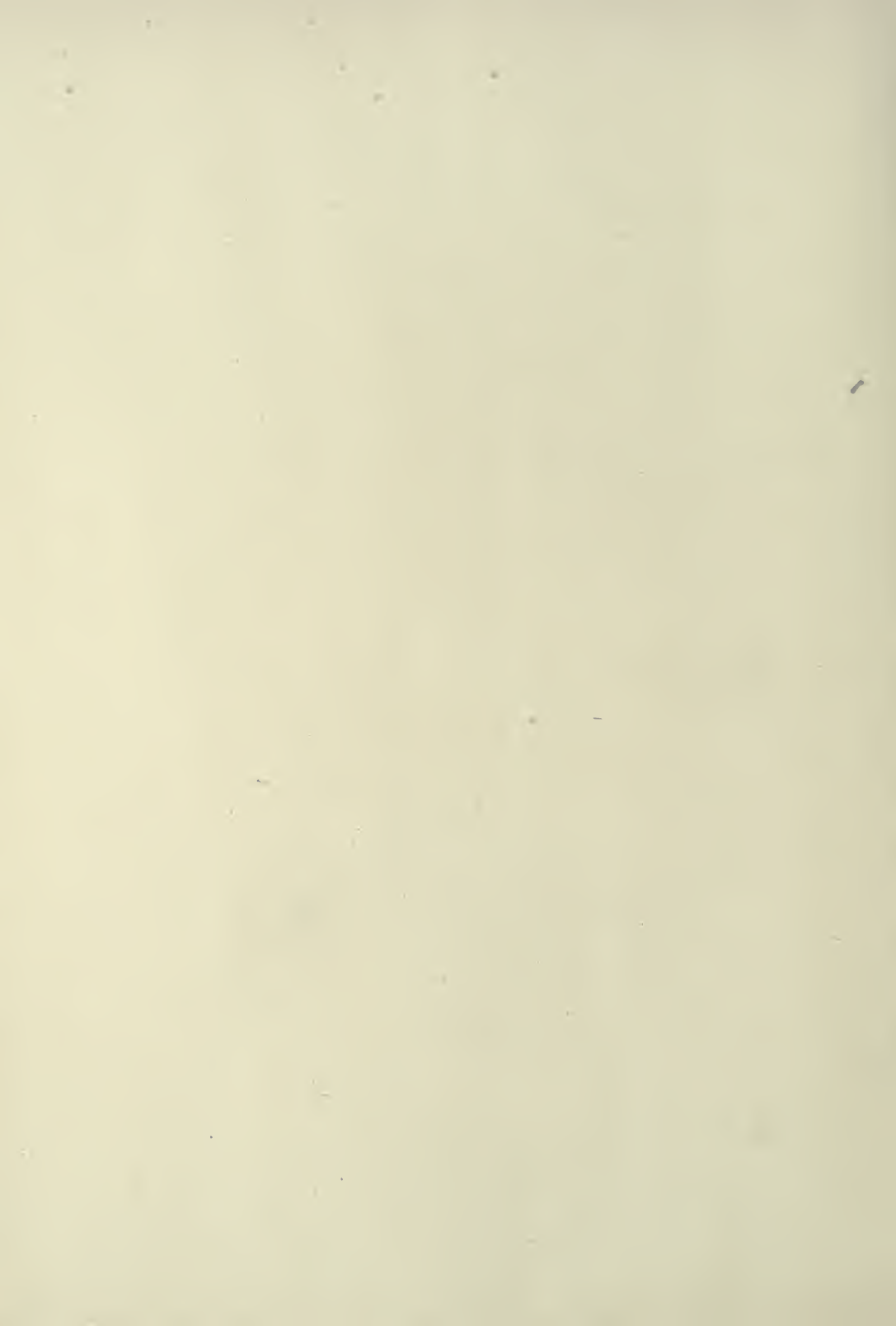
Till last by Philip's farm I flow



To
join the
brimming
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For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

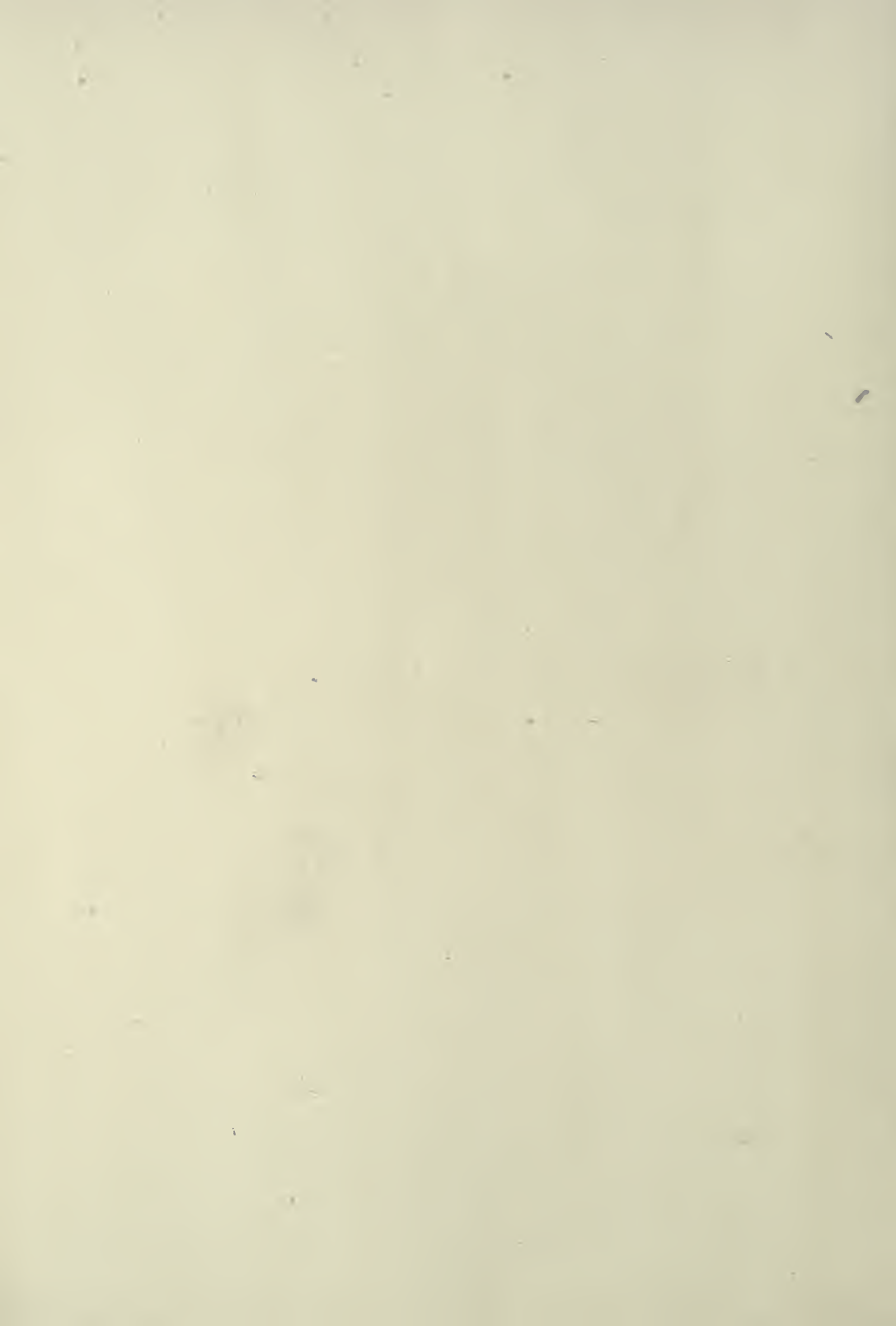


I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.



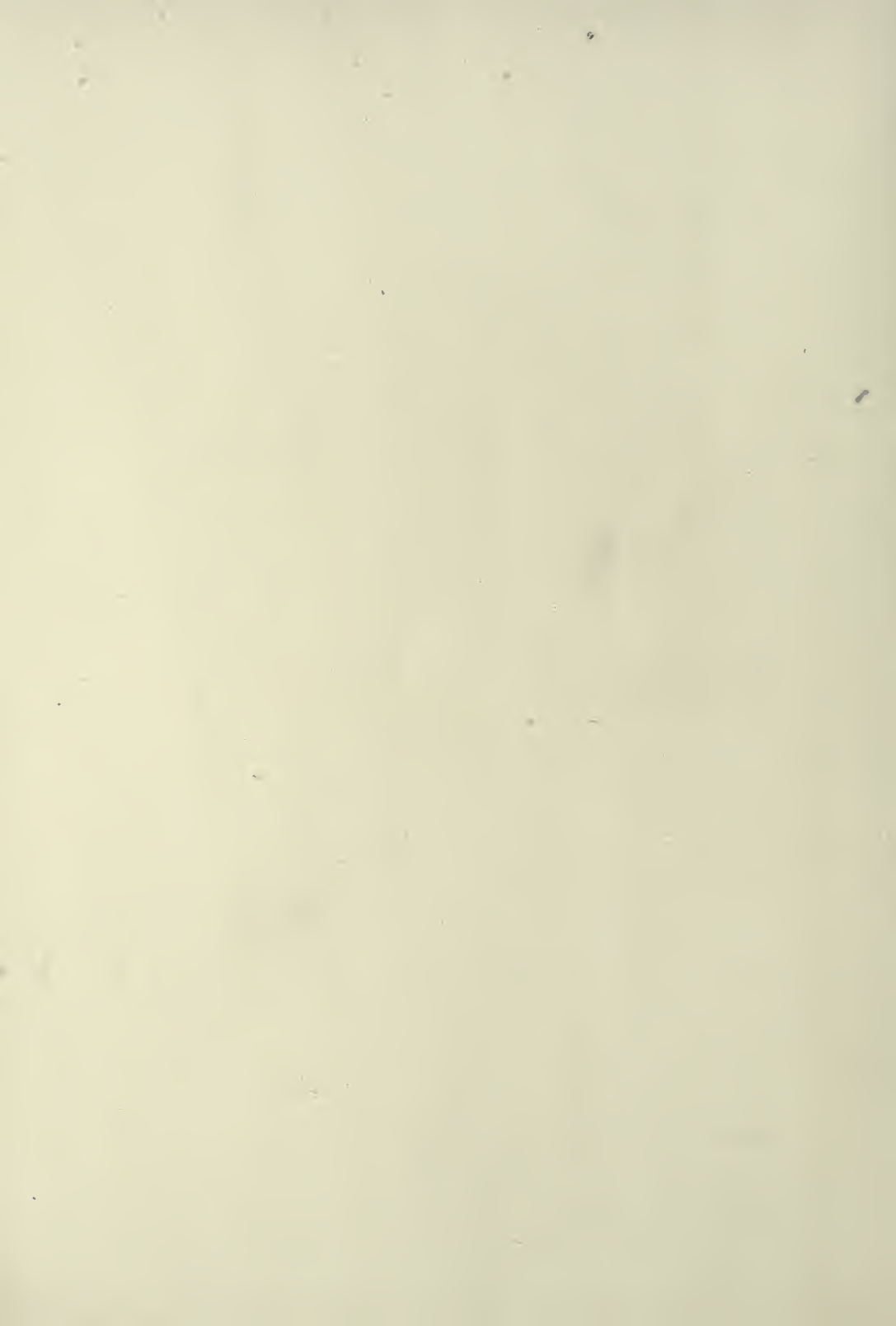


With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.



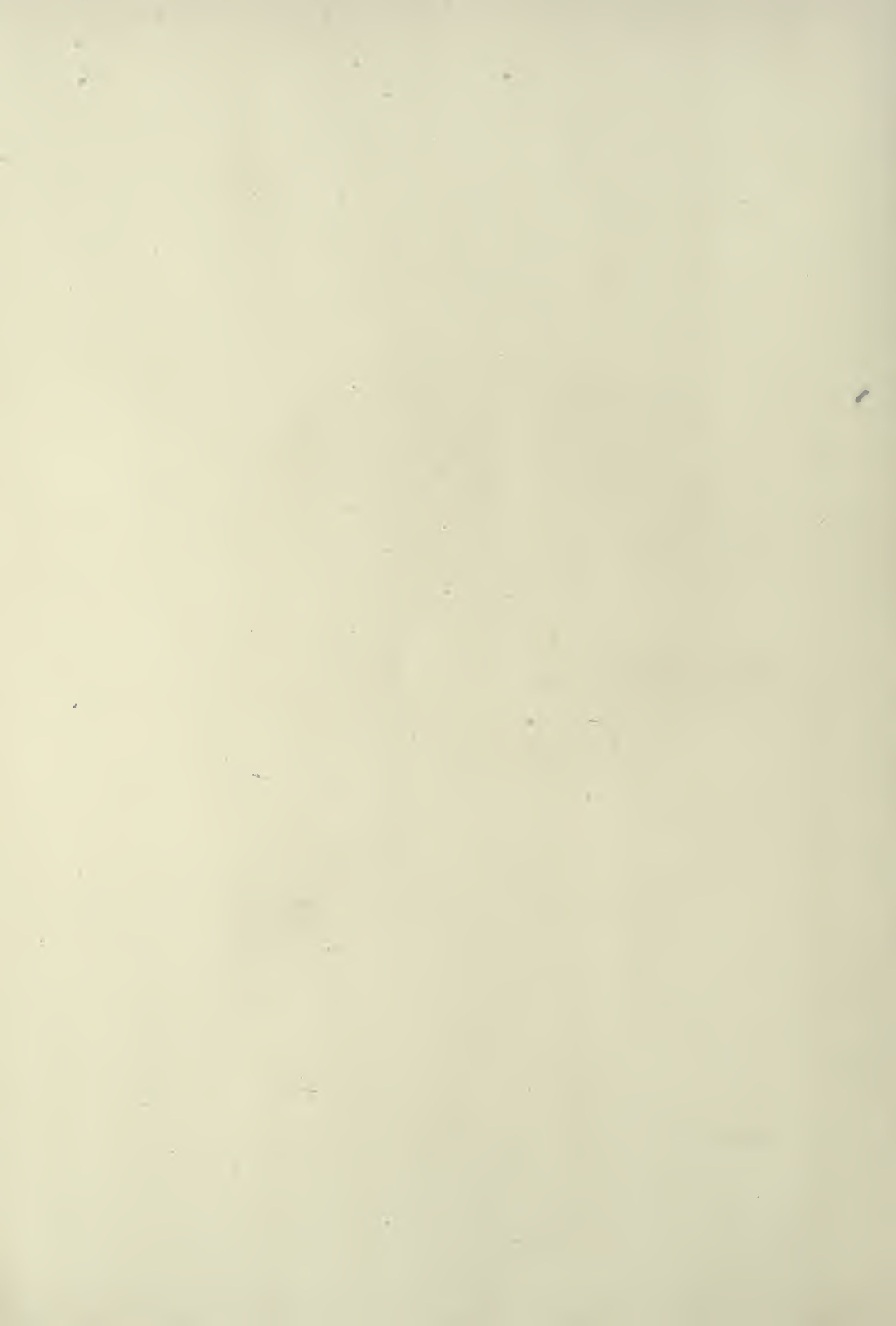


I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
 To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.



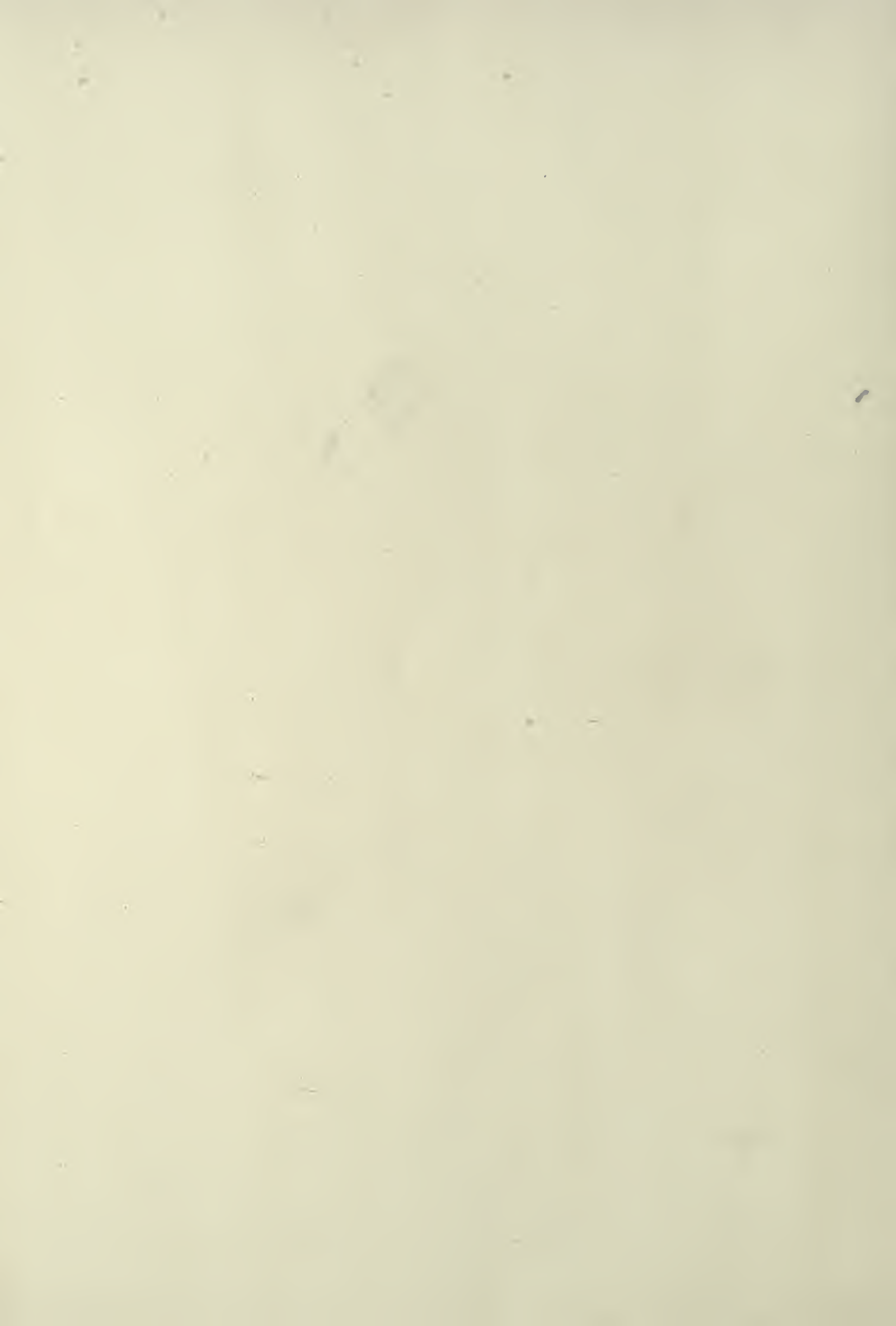


I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,



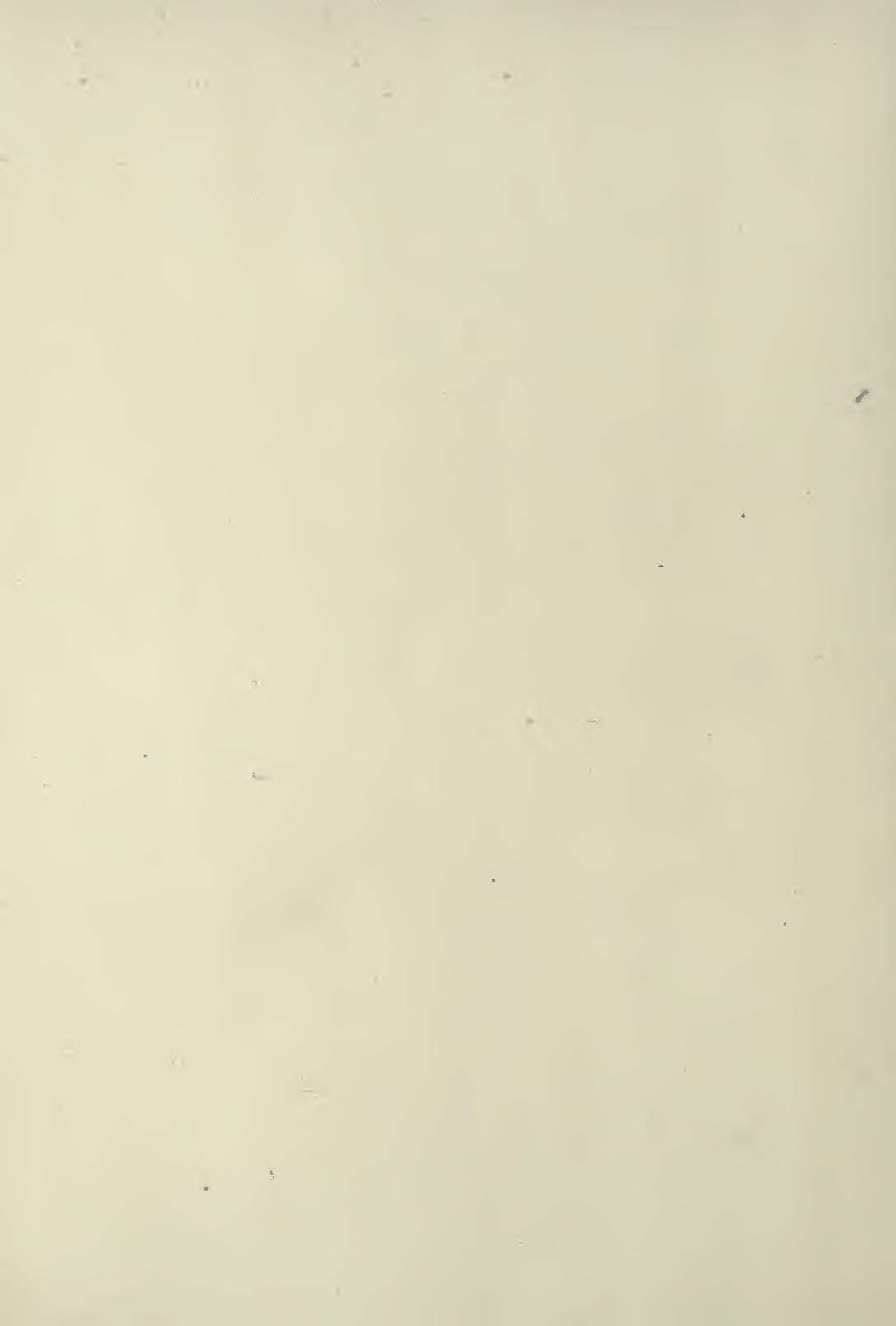


And here and there a lusty trout,
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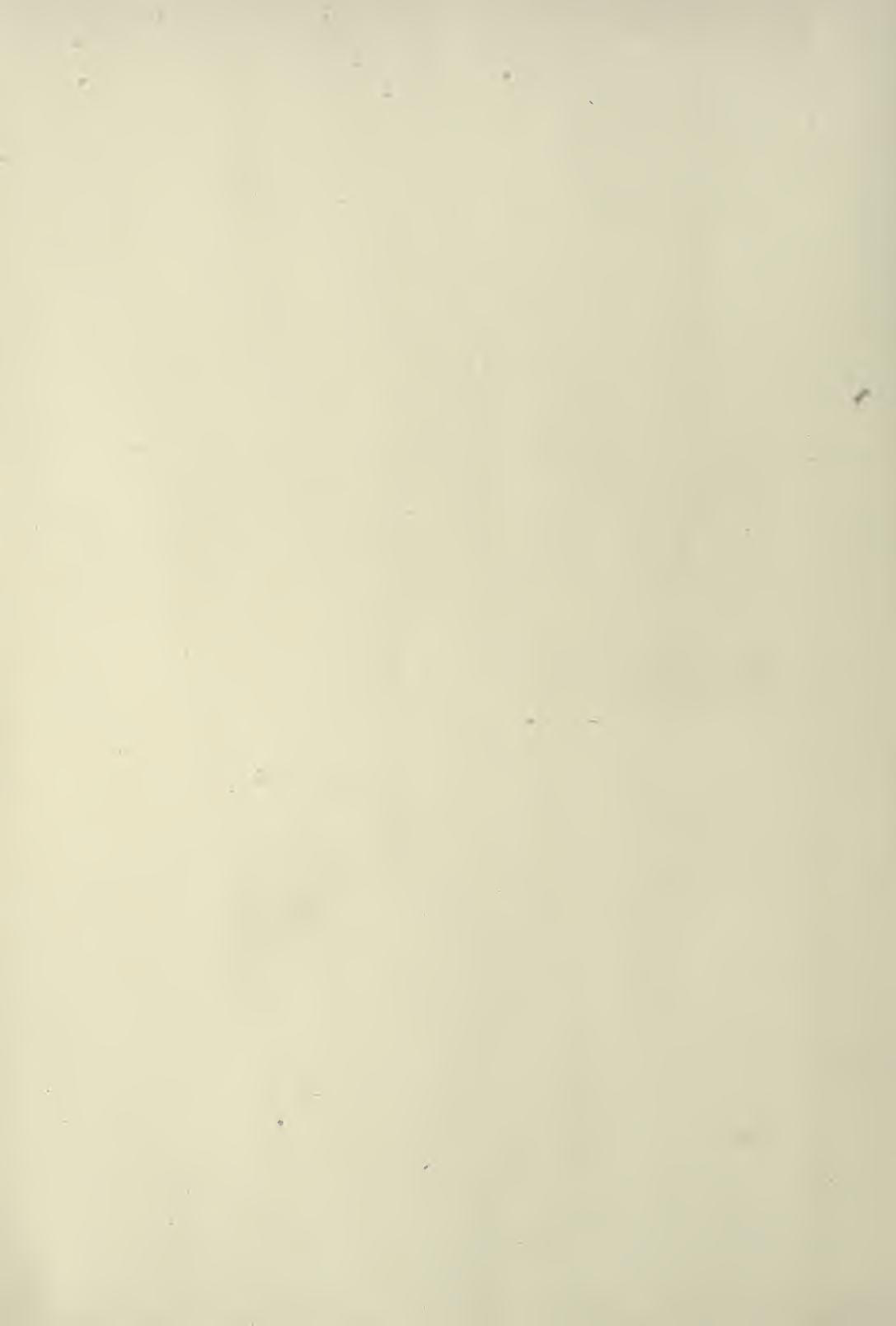


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And draw them all along, and flow
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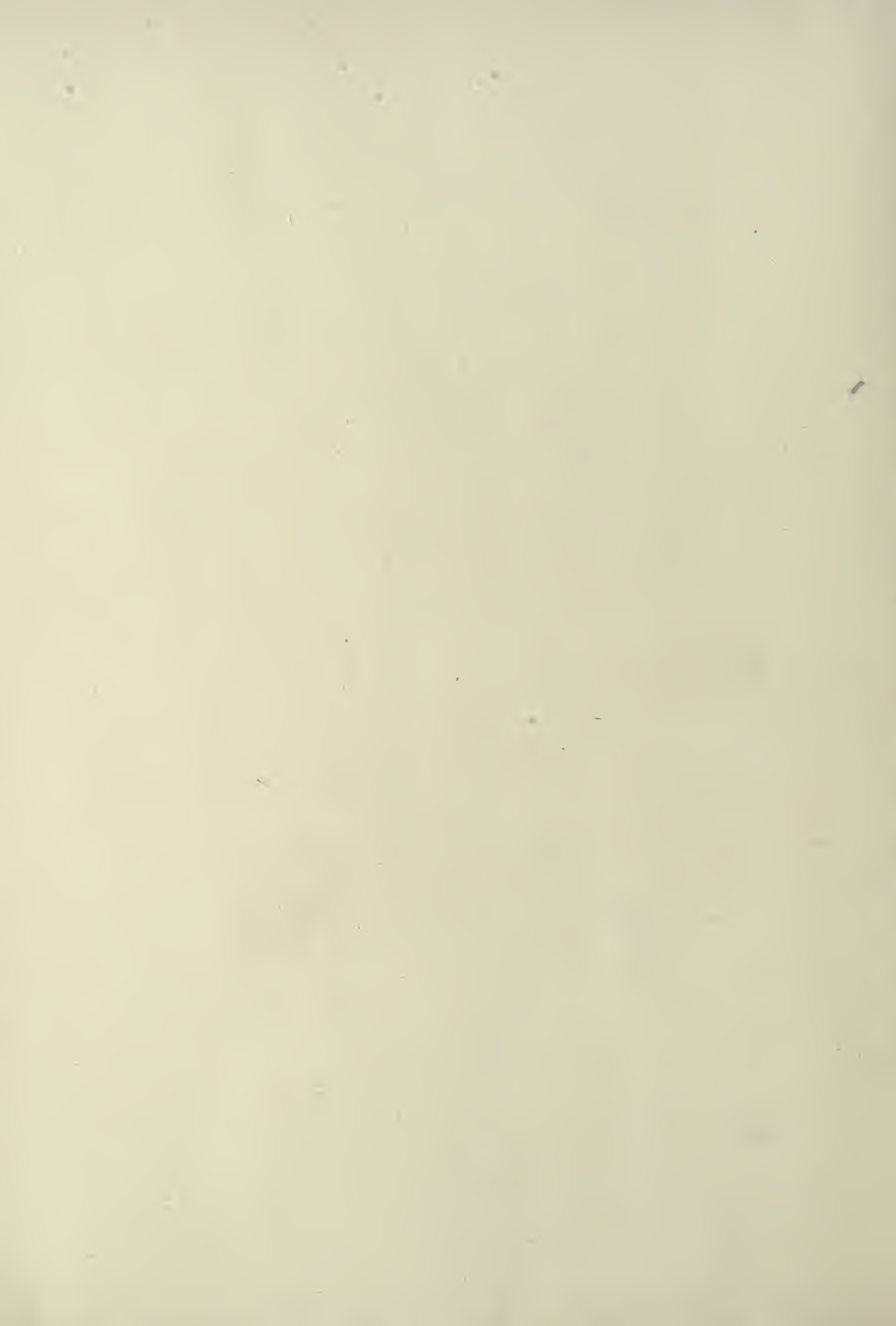




I steal by lawns and grassy plots,

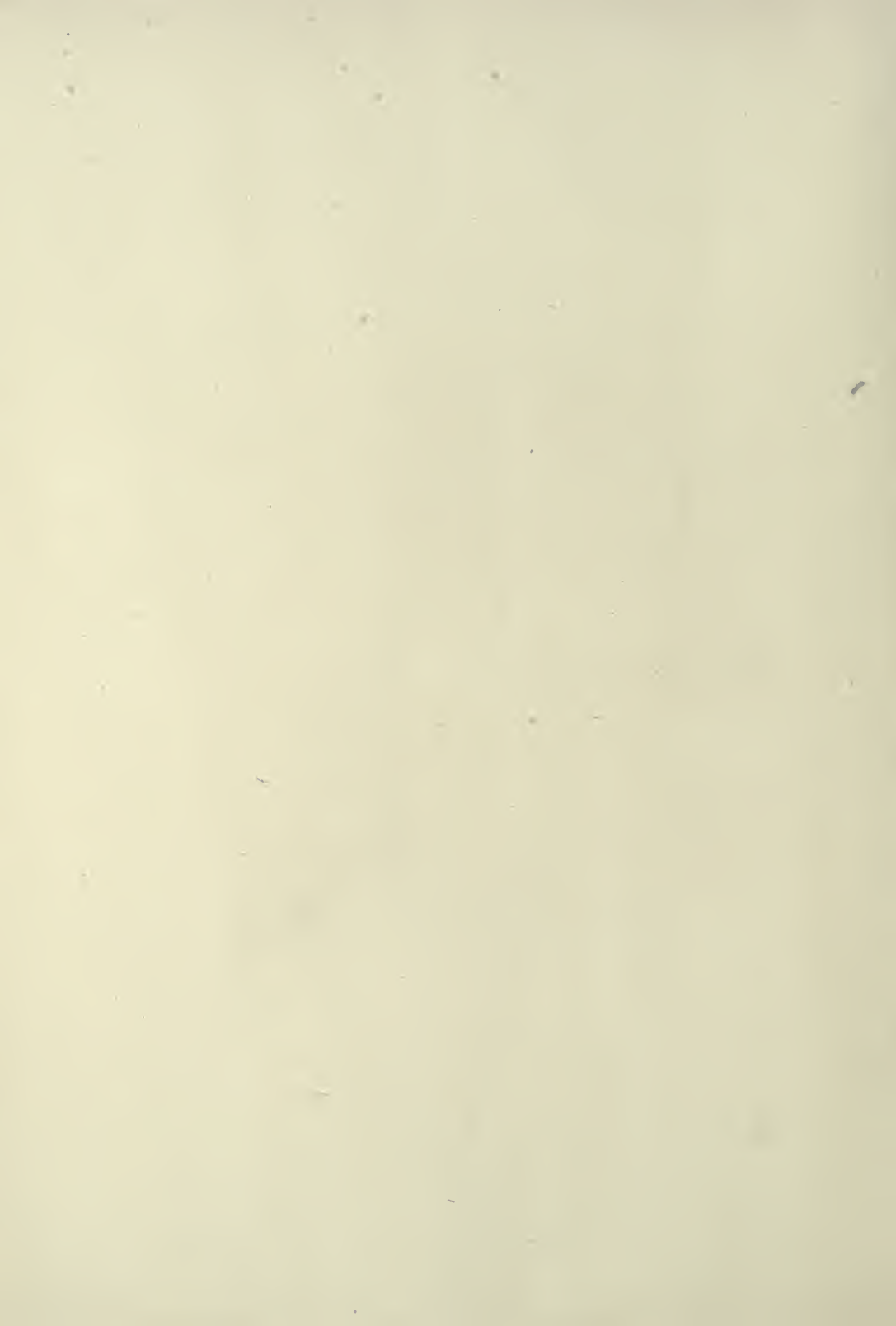


I slide by hazel covers;



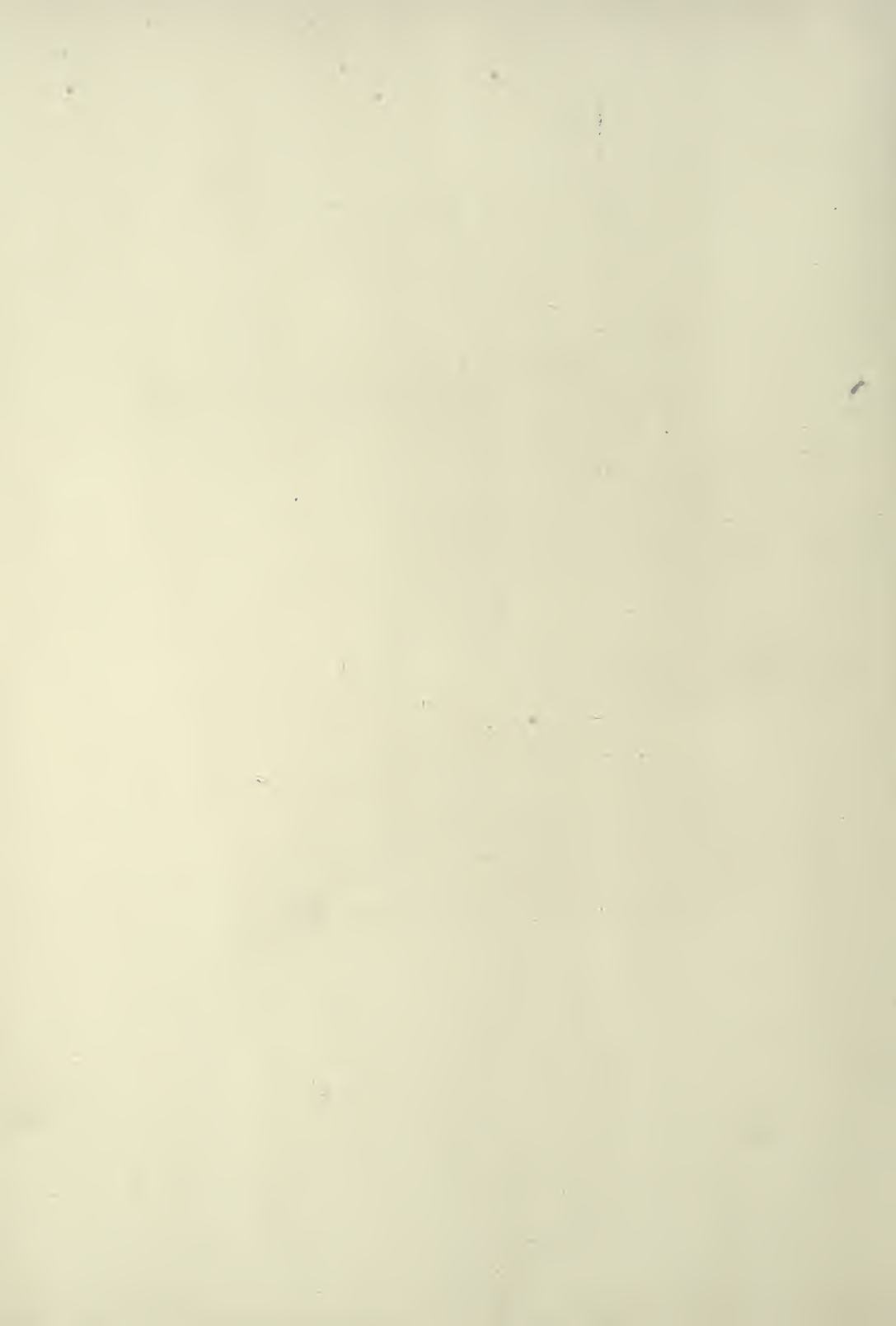


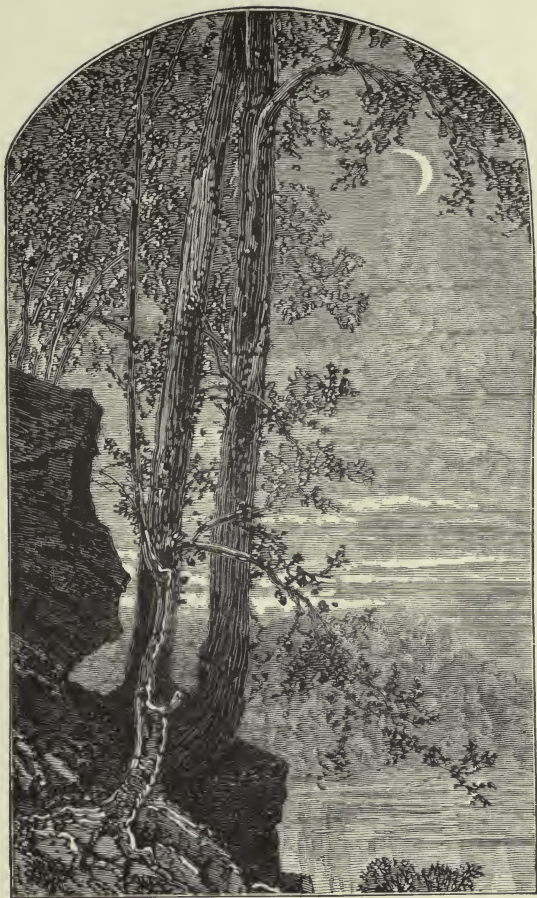
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That grow for happy lovers.



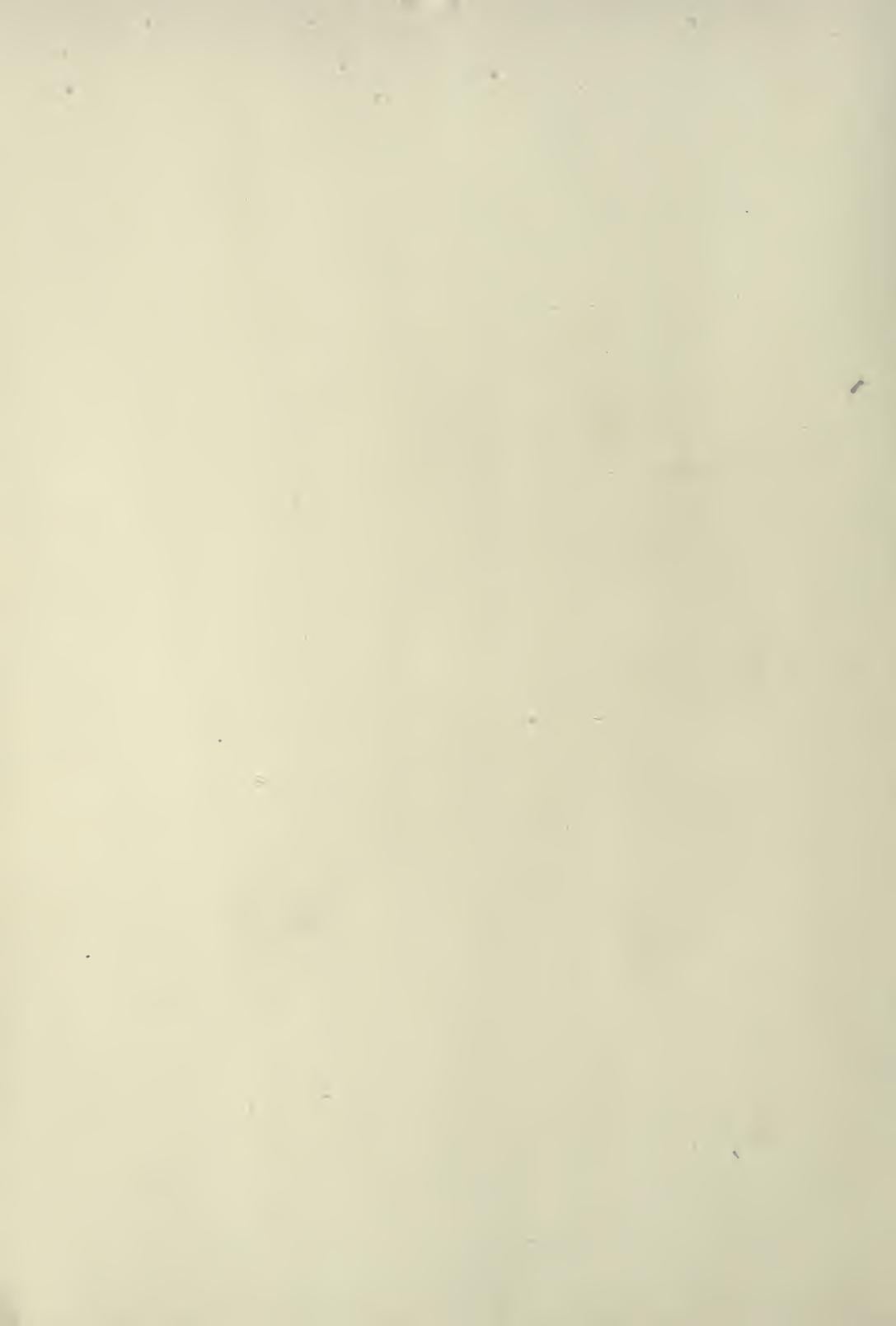


I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.



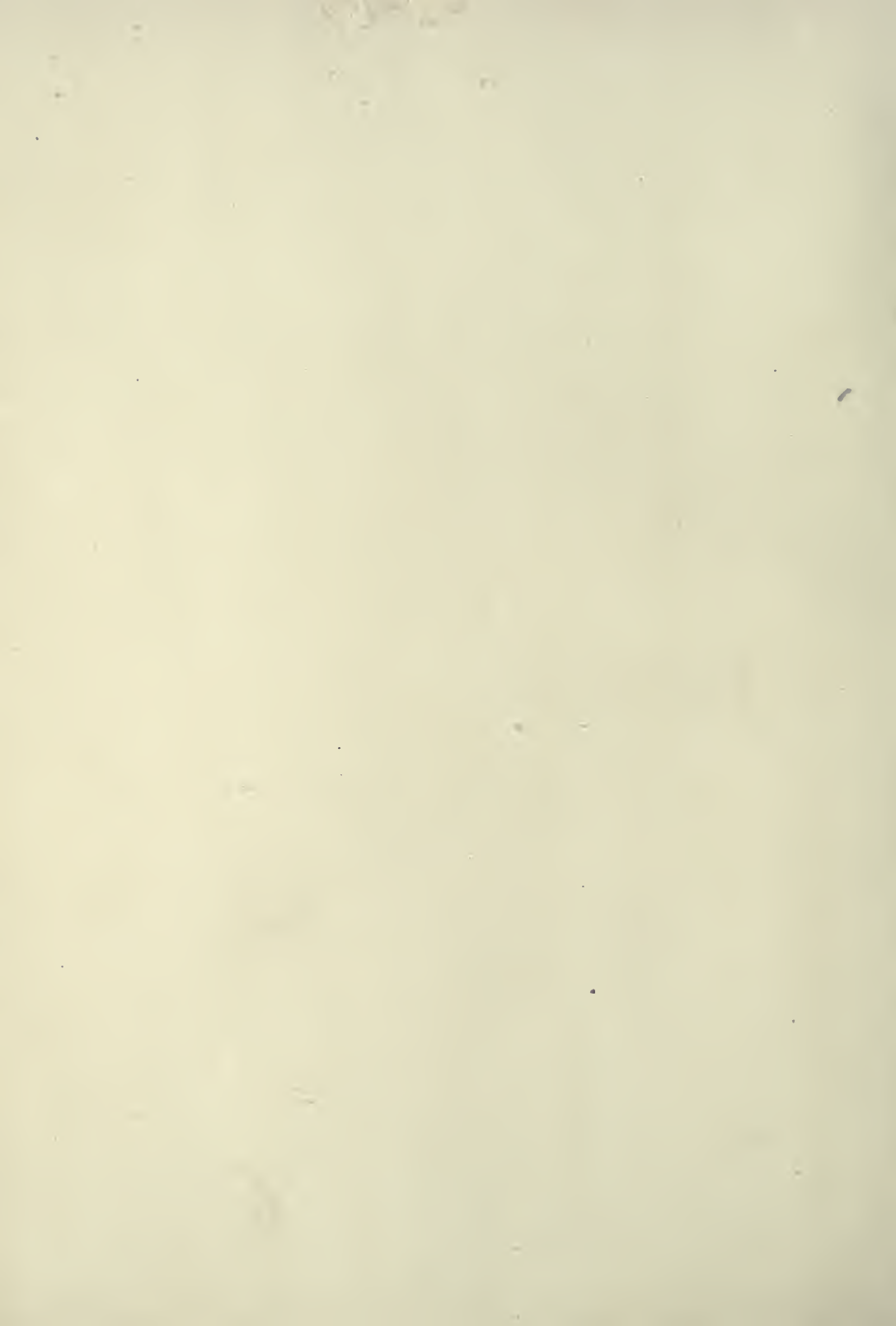


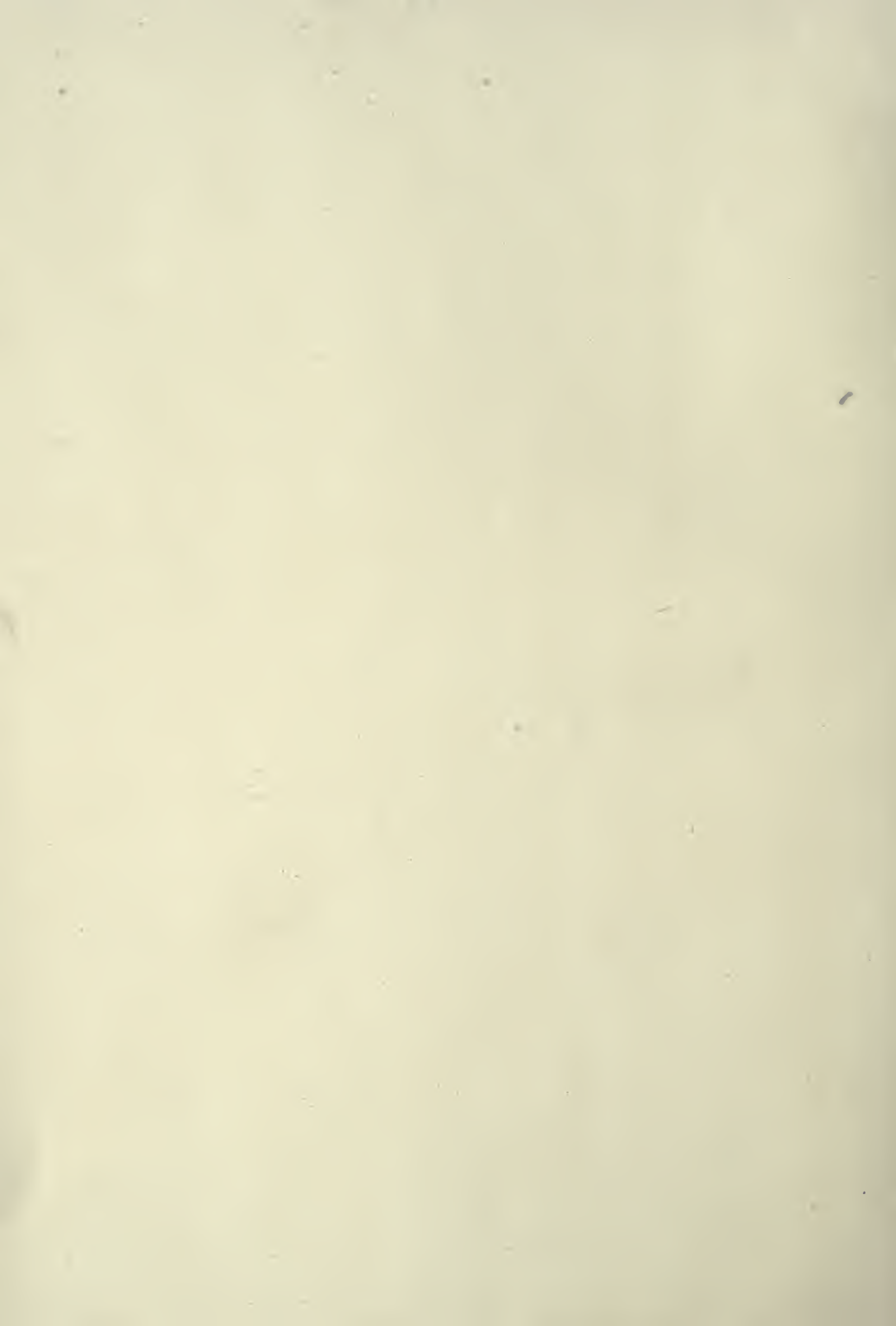
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